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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1877.

NUMBER 38.

## THREE TROUBLES.

Three carpets hung waving in the breeze.  
Abroad in the breeze as the sun went  
down,  
And three husbands with patches of dust  
on their knees,  
Whacked whacks that were heard for miles  
up and down.  
For men must work and women must  
clean,  
And the carpet be beaten, no matter how  
mean,  
While the neighbors do the bosing.

Three housewives leaned out of their win  
dows raised,  
Of their windows raised, where the light  
streamed in,  
And they scrubbed and scrubbed till their  
heads grew dazed,  
And their ears were filled with a horrible  
din;  
For pots will fall and kettles go bang,  
And boilers refuse in the attic to hang,  
While the husbands do the swearing.

Three husbands went out in the hay-mow  
to hide,  
In the hay-mow to hide, where their wives  
never looked,  
Each said as he rolled himself o'er on his  
side,  
"I guess I will snooze, for I know I am  
booked.  
For men may swear, but women will dust,  
And before I'll move that stove I'll be cus  
sed.  
I'll stay right here till morning!"

## JOSEPH'S BROTHER.

They didn't call him Tom, or Jack,  
or Harry, but always spoke of him as  
"Joseph's brother." And it was just as  
singular that they didn't call him  
"Joe," instead of "Joseph," when  
speaking of the man.

The two had a wagon in the band,  
dragging itself toward the Black Hills  
day by day and mile by mile. They  
messed by themselves, scarcely spoke  
to each other, and their lives and their  
actions were a sort of mystery to the  
rest, who were a jolly set, drinking,  
carousing, fighting and playing cards,  
and wishing for a brush with the  
Indians. Some said that Joseph was a  
fugitive from justice, and that he  
wouldn't fraternize with them for fear  
of betraying himself when interro  
gated. Others thought he felt too  
proud to mix with society, and be  
tween the two theories he had nearly  
all the men thinking ill of him before  
the wagon trail was four days' travel  
from Cheyenne.

"He keeps his brother hidden away  
in the wagon as if a little sunshine  
would kill the boy," growled one of  
a dozen gold-hunters, sitting around  
their camp-fire in the twilight.  
"Perhaps he thinks our language  
isn't high-toned enough—blast his  
eyes!" exclaimed another.

"Ain't we bound for the same place  
—all sharing the same dangers—one  
as good as another?" demanded a  
broad-shouldered fellow from San  
Antonio.

"Yes! yes!" they shouted.  
"Then don't it look low-down  
mean for this 'ere man Joseph to edge  
away from us as if we were pizen? If  
he's so mighty refined and high-toned  
why didn't he come out here in a  
balloon?"

There was a laugh from the circle,  
and the Texan went on.

"I don't pretend to be an angel,  
but I know manners as well as the  
next. I believe that man Joseph is  
regular starch, ready to wilt down as  
soon as I pint my finger at him, and  
I'm going over to his wagon and pull  
his nose!"

"That's the game, Jack! Go in, old  
fellow! 'Rah for the man from Texas!"  
yelled the gold-hunters as they sprang  
to their feet.

"Come right along and see the fun!"  
continued the Texan, as he led the  
way to Joseph's wagon.

The vehicle formed one in the circle,  
and at a small fire a few feet from  
the hind wheels sat Joseph and his  
brother eating their frugal supper. As  
the crowd came near, the boy sprang  
up and climbed into the covered  
wagon, while Joseph slowly rose up

and looked at them anxiously and  
inquiringly.  
"See here, Mr. Joseph, what's  
your other name?" began the Texan  
as he halted before the lone man.  
"We have come to the conclusion  
that you and that booby brother  
o'yours don't like our style? are we  
correct?"

"I have nothing against any of  
you," quietly replied Joseph. "The  
journey thus far has been very pleas  
ant and agreeable to us."

"But you hang off—you don't speak  
to us!" persisted Jack.

"I am sorry if I have incurred any  
man's ill will. I feel friendly towards  
you all."

"Oh, you do, eh," sneered the  
Texan, feeling that he was losing  
ground. "Well, it's my opinion you're  
a sneak!"

Joseph's face turned white, and the  
men saw a dangerous gleam in his  
eyes. He seemed about to speak or  
make some movement, when a soft  
voice from the wagon called out:

"Joseph, Joseph!"

A soft light came into the man's  
face. The Texan noticed it, and  
slapping Joseph's face he blurted out:

"If ye ain't a coward ye'll resent  
that sure!"

A boyish figure sprang from the  
wagon and stood beside the lone man.  
A small hand was laid on his shoul  
der, and a voice whispered in his ear:  
"Bear the insult for my sake!"

There was a full minute in which  
no one moved. Joseph's face looked  
ghostly white in the gloom, and they  
could see him tremble.

"He's a coward, just as I thought,"  
said the Texan, as he turned away.

The others followed him, some feeling  
ashamed, and others surprised or  
gratified, and by and by the word had  
reached every wagon that Joseph and  
Joseph's brother were cowards.

Next morning, when the wagon  
train was ready to move, the captain  
passed near Joseph's wagon on pur  
pose to say:

"If there are any cowards in this  
train, they needn't travel with us any  
further."

It was a cruel thrust. Joseph was  
harnessing his horse, and his brother  
was stowing away the cooking utensils.

The strange man's face grew white  
again, and his hand went down for  
the revolver, but just then a voice  
called out:

"Don't mind it, Joseph; we'll go on  
alone."

The train moved off without them;  
some of the gold hunters taunting  
and joking, and others fearful that  
the two would be butchered by the  
Indians before the day was over.

When the white-topped wagons were  
so far away that they seemed no larger  
than his hand, Joseph moved along  
the trail, his face stern, and so busy  
with his thought that he did not hear  
the consoling words:

"Never mind, Joseph; we are try  
ing to do right."

That night, when the wagon train  
of the gold-hunters went into camp,  
they could not see the lone wagon,  
though many of the men, ashamed of  
their conduct looked long and ear  
nestly for it. They had seen Indians  
afar off, and knew that the red devils  
would pounce down upon a single  
team as soon as they sighted it.

Darkness came, midnight came, and  
the sentinels heard nothing but the  
stamping of the horses and the howls  
of the coyotes. At two o'clock the  
report of rifles and fierce yells of In  
dians floated up through the little  
valley, and the camp was aroused in  
a moment.

"The devils have jumped in on  
Joseph and his brother!" whispered  
one of the men as he stood on a knoll  
and bent his head to listen.

"Good 'nuff! cowards have no busi  
ness out here!" growled the Texan.

The first speaker wheeled, struck  
the ruffian a sledge-hammer blow in  
the face, and then, running for the  
horses, cried out:

"Come on! Come on! A dozen of  
us can be spared for the rescue."

Sixteen men swept down the valley  
like the wind. The firing and yelling  
continued, proving that the man who  
had been called a coward was making  
a heroic fight. In ten minutes they

came upon the lone camp, made light  
as day by the burning wagon. Fifty  
feet from the bonfire, and hemmed in  
by a circle of dancing, leaping, howl  
ing savages, was Joseph's dead body.  
The gold-hunters heard the pop! pop!  
pop! of the boy's revolver as they  
burst into view, and the next moment  
they were charging down upon the  
demons, using rifle and revolver with  
terrible effect. In two minutes not a  
living Indian was in sight. Joseph's  
brother stood over the dead body,  
turning him over with his hand. The  
men cheered wildly as they looked  
around, but the boy looked up in  
their faces without exultation, sur  
prise or gladness.

There were three dead Indians be  
side the wagon, killed where the fight  
commenced, and the corpses in front  
of Joseph's brother numbered more  
than the victims of the sixteen men.

"Is Joseph badly hurt?" asked one  
of the men, as he halted his horse be  
side the boy.

"He is dead!" whispered the white  
-faced defender.

"Is he? God forgive me for the part  
I took last night!"

"You called him a coward!" cried  
Joseph's brother, "and you are to  
blame for this. Was he a coward?"

look here! and there! and there!  
We drove them back from the wagon  
—drove them off out here! Joseph  
is dead! you are his murderers!"

Every man was near enough to hear  
his voice and to note his actions as he  
picked up the rifle of an Indian and  
sent a bullet through his own head.

With exclamations of grief and alarm  
brombing on their lips, the men sprang  
from their saddles. The boy was  
dead—dead as Joseph—and both  
corpses were bleeding from a dozen  
wounds.

"We'll carry 'em to the train and  
have a burial in the morning," said  
one of the men; and the bodies were  
taken up behind two of the horsemen.  
They did have a funeral, and the men  
looked into the grave with tears in  
their eyes, for they had discovered  
that Joseph's brother was a woman—  
yes, a woman with whitest throat  
and softest hands. It might have been  
Joseph's wife, or sister, or sweetheart.  
No one could tell that; but they could  
tell how they had wronged him; and  
they said, as they stood around the  
grave, "We hope the Lord won't lay  
it up against us."—*Bret Harte, in  
New York Sun.*

## DEAF-MUTE SERVICES.

The beautiful Sabbath morning  
found sixteen deaf-mutes assembled in  
Rev. Mr. Nicholls' Unitarian chapel,  
where Prof. Job Turner, the New En  
gland missionary to deaf-mutes dis  
coursed on seeking God from Matt. 6:  
33—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of  
God and His righteousness, and all  
these things shall be added unto you."

In the afternoon they changed the  
place of worship to Trinity church,  
where they listened through the eye  
to a sermon on Temptation, from Matt.  
6: 13—"Lead us not into temptation  
but deliver us from evil," explained by  
Prof. Turner.

In the evening they wended their way  
to the residence of Mr. Owen Hutchins,  
Hooper street, to mingle with the pro  
fessor in prayer meeting, which all en  
joyed very much. His text was from  
Psalm 1: 1—"Blessed is the man that  
walketh not in the counsel of the un  
godly, nor standeth in the way of sin  
ners, nor sitteth in the seat of the  
scornful."

A great pity it is that they are not  
so happily privileged to enjoy such  
sweetness as their more fortunate  
neighbors.

Prof. Turner left town this morning  
to attend to his mission duties, and ex  
pects to return to this city in Novem  
ber, after which he will conduct serv  
ices among deaf-mutes and others as  
far South as New Orleans, till Spring.  
God permitting. He will officiate in  
Augusta next Sunday, Damariscotta  
on the 23d inst., and Boston on the  
30th.—*Biddeford (Me.) Daily Times,  
Sept. 10, 1877.*

## Hours of Sleep.

Nature requires five,  
Custom gives seven!  
Laziness takes eleven!  
And Wickedness eleven!

## PIETY IN PANTOMIME.

*St. Ann's Deaf-mute Church in West  
Eighteenth Street.*

BEAUTY AND SINGULARITY OF THE SOUND  
-LESS SERVICE—HISTORY OF THE REV.  
THOMAS GALLAUDET'S EFFORTS.

(From the N. Y. Evening Telegram, Sept. 8, 1877.)

St. Ann's Protestant Episcopal  
Church is to be found at No. 7 West  
Eighteenth street, and adjoining it is  
the parsonage occupied by the Rev.  
Thomas Gallaudet, the rector. Pecul  
iar interest attaches to it, because  
once a week—namely on Sunday after  
noon, at three—services are conducted  
especially for the benefit of deaf-mutes.  
As this is the only church of the kind  
in the city, and as, moreover, it was  
the first church of the kind established  
in America, its history is more than  
ordinarily attractive.

Sixty years ago, in April, 1817, the  
first deaf and dumb school established  
in this country was set going at Hart  
ford, Conn., through the instrumen  
tality of Mr. Thomas H. Gallaudet,  
father of the present rector of St. Ann's,  
assisted by Mr. Laurent Clerc, a  
French gentleman. From this school  
have sprung the forty or fifty other  
institutions of the kind that are now  
flourishing in various parts of the  
country, supported by the legislature  
of the respective States, and providing  
all deaf-mutes with free education.

## INCEPTION OF THE CHURCH.

In 1850 the present rector of St.  
Ann's was ordained a deacon in the  
Episcopal Church. Previously to this  
he had taught for many years in the  
New York Institution for the Deaf and  
Dumb. The experience he gained  
there stimulated him to extend his  
efforts among this unfortunate class  
of people, and perhaps he was addi  
tionally spurred on to do so by the  
singular fact that both his wife and  
mother were deaf-mutes. In Septem  
ber, 1850, he established a Bible  
class which had for its object the in  
struction of the deaf and dumb. This  
was so successful that in October,  
1852, it had developed into the as  
sociation known as the St. Ann's Church,  
which held its first meetings in the  
small chapel of the New York Univer  
sity. But though the association  
paid particular attention to deaf-mutes  
it was not intended for them exclu  
sively. It addressed itself then, as it  
has addressed itself ever since, to  
those who could both hear and speak,  
to every grade and condition which  
manifested any interest in religion.  
Many people who have heard of the  
sign language adopted at St. Ann's  
Church have hastily concluded that  
no services are given there excepting  
such as are intended only for the  
deaf and dumb. This is a mistake.  
The only service meant exclusively for  
them is that given on Sundays at  
three P. M.

## SUBSEQUENT CAREER.

St. Ann's as previously intimated,  
is the first church in the world which  
devoted itself to the benefit of the  
deaf and dumb. It deserved to suc  
ceed and it did succeed. In the fall  
of 1857 the society moved to the lec  
ture room of the Historical Society,  
at the intersection of Second avenue  
and Eleventh street. The lecture  
room there was new and pretty, and  
the locality desirable. Subsequently  
the St. Ann's Society bought the pres  
ent edifice on Eighteenth street, a lit  
tle to the west of Fifth avenue. It  
was then called Christ Church, the  
congregation there having exchanged  
churches with the Baptists, under the  
Rev. Mr. Corey, at Thirty-fifth street  
and Fifth avenue. The Baptists, how  
ever, remained here only a year, and  
finally, in July, 1859, the property  
passed into the hands of the St. Ann's  
Association. The first service was  
held there in August of that year.  
The price asked for the property was  
\$70,000. Of this \$20,000 was paid  
down. Of the remaining \$50,000 only  
\$20,000 now remain to pay; and it is  
not improbable that sooner or later  
this will be liquidated by legatees. It  
will therefore be seen that, in spite of  
seasons of depression, and in spite of  
an overhanging debt that would soon  
have swept some associations out of  
existence, the career of this church

has, as a whole, been prosperous.

## PROPORTION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The rector is assisted by the Rev.  
Edward H. Krans and the Rev. John  
Chamberlain. The first mentioned  
assistant addresses himself exclusively  
to the hearing and speaking public.  
Mr. Chamberlain is accomplished in  
the art of communicating with the  
deaf-mutes. Mr. Gallaudet also un  
derstands this art to perfection, and  
has spent, and still spends, much of  
his time in visiting other cities, and  
watching the progress of similar work  
there. Throughout the country there  
are about twenty-five stations where  
religious service for deaf-mutes is giv  
en, and all of these stations have taken  
their rise from St. Ann's. They min  
ister directly to about one thousand  
deaf-mutes, and indirectly to as many  
more. At St. Ann's Church the pro  
portion which the deaf-mutes bear to  
the entire congregation is about one  
-fourth. The work that is being done  
among them is intended solely for  
deaf and dumb adults who have left  
school and who need assistance.  
Much has been done in the way of  
providing them with situations. There  
are about three hundred of these in  
New York city. In the parish of St.  
Ann's there about one thousand peo  
ple all told attending the church. Of  
these 500 are communicants, and of  
the communicants about seventy are  
deaf-mutes. These latter, therefore,  
bear a very appreciable proportion to  
the whole number of communicants,  
and the services devoted to them are  
among the most unique and interest  
ing in the city.

## DEAF-MUTE ET CETERAS.

Every Thursday evening, at half  
past seven, an association known as  
the Manhattan Deaf-mute Literary  
Association meets in the Sunday  
school room. There is a church mis  
sion to deaf-mutes, which has grown  
out of St. Ann's, and has its Home  
for Aged and Infirm at No. 220 East  
Thirteenth street. It is under the  
charge of Miss Jane Middleton, who  
is much esteemed and beloved for her  
efficient ministrations. It has had  
twelve inmates; three have been re  
moved and one has died, making the  
present number seven. At the last  
reception and sale the net profits  
amounted to \$138.15. It is hoped  
that this annual occasion will be re  
membered by all interested in the  
Home and made to contribute more  
largely toward its support. Owing  
to the liberal donations of Mrs. H. D.  
Wyman and Mrs. A. T. Stewart, and  
special collections by pupils of the  
New York Institution for Deaf-mutes,  
this fund has increased very much  
during the year. It now amounts to  
about \$5,000. One of the most inter  
esting events to which the protracted  
efforts of the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet gave  
rise was the ordination of Mr. Henry  
W. Syle, born a deaf-mute, to the dea  
conate in St. Stephen's Church, Phila  
delphia. It was the first ordination  
of the kind that ever occurred. The  
twenty-fifth anniversary of St. Ann's  
occurs on the first Sunday of next  
month, when it is confidently expect  
ed that the silver wedding will be  
highly honored.

## THE DEAF AND DUMB SERVICES.

The services at St. Ann's church on  
Sunday afternoon, when the deaf and  
dumb are exclusively addressed, are  
very interesting. The sign language,  
which is an entirely different thing  
from the deaf and dumb alphabet, is  
employed. It holds, perhaps, about  
the same relation to this alphabet that  
phonography does to ordinary written  
language, and it has been brought to  
such perfection that everything that  
is within the pale of ordinary speech  
can be expressed by it. A certain  
proportion of the deaf-mutes who at  
tend these services have had no ad  
vantages of education, but there are  
others who have quite a high degree  
of culture, and are careful readers of  
the latest publications in the art and  
scientific world. The sign language  
is extremely picturesque. Experts in  
it acquire a quick pantomimic grace  
very pleasant to look at, and a sup  
plementary facility at facial expres  
sion. All but the most highly cul  
tured learn to think in motions. That  
is to say, during the process of think  
ing their thoughts reveal themselves

in mental motions corresponding to  
those by the body and limbs. Highly  
educated deaf-mutes learn to think in  
words. An audience composed of  
deaf-mutes exhibits the faculty of at  
tentiveness in a great degree, and  
this perhaps is a compliment which  
the preacher most highly covets.

## A DRAMATIC SCENE.

THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF THE RUSSIAN RE  
LIEF AT SCHIPKA.

It was 6 o'clock; there was a lull  
in the fighting, of which the Russians  
could take no advantage, since the  
reserves were all engaged. The  
grim, sun-blistered men were beaten  
out with heat, hunger and thirst.  
There had been no cooking there for  
three days, and there was no water  
within the Russian lines. The poor  
fellows lay panting on the bare ridge,  
reckless that it was swept by the Turk  
ish rifle fire. Others doggedly fought  
on down among the rocks, forced to  
give ground, but doing so grimly and  
sourly. The cliffs and valleys send  
back the triumphant Turkish shouts  
of "Allah il Allah!"

The two Russian Generals were on  
the peak which the first position half  
incloses. Their glasses anxiously  
scanned the visible glimpses of the  
steep brown road leading up there  
from the Jantra valley, through thick  
copses of sombre green, and yet more  
sombre dark rock. Stoletoff cries  
aloud in sudden excess of excitement,  
clutches his brother General by the  
arms, and points down the pass. The  
head of a long black column was vis  
ible against the reddish brown bed of  
the road. "Now God be thanked!"  
said Stoletoff solemnly. Both Gener  
als bare their heads. The troops  
spring to their feet. They descry the  
long black serpent coiling up the  
brown road. Through the green cop  
ses a glint of sunshine flashes, banish  
es the sombreness, and dances on the  
glistening bayonets.

Such a gust of Russian cheers  
whirls and eddies among the moun  
tain tops that the Turkish war cries  
are wholly drowned in the glad wel  
come which the Russian soldiers send  
to their comrades coming to help them.  
Some time elapses. The head of the  
column draws near the Karanla and is  
on the little plateau in front of the  
khan. But they are mounted men.  
The horses are easily discernible.  
Has Radetzky, then, been so left to  
himself, or so hard pushed, that he  
has sent cavalry to cope with infantry  
among the precipices of the Balkans?  
Be they what they may, they carry a  
tongue that can speak, for on the  
projection to the right of the khan, a  
mountain battery has just come into  
action, against the Russian artillery  
on the wooded ridge, by the occupa  
tion of which the Turks are flanking  
the right of the Russian position.  
There are no riders on the horses  
now, and they are on their way down  
hill. But a column of Russian infan  
try are on the swift tramp up the hill  
until they get within firing distance  
of the Turks on the right, and then  
they break, scatter and from behind  
every stone and bush spurt white jets  
of smoke.—*London Daily News.*

## LIABILITIES OF LANDLORDS.

In a case recently tried at Reading,  
Pa., against a landlord for ejecting a  
traveler from his hotel, Judge Sassa  
man, in charging the jury, said that  
ordinarily landlords of hotels must  
keep guests over night, especially af  
ter the price for lodging has been  
tendered. On account of the differ  
ent grades of hotels the price cannot  
be regulated by any fixed rule, and  
must be fixed at the discretion of the  
landlords; and if the prices don't suit  
the guests, they have no other way  
than to leave, so long as the charges  
are reasonable. Unreasonable charg  
es would not shield the landlord.

If a person goes into a hotel and  
offers an ordinary price and behaves  
himself, and the landlord puts him  
out, and damages result, the landlord  
can be indicted, and he can be made  
to pay the damages. If a guest does  
not behave himself, although there  
may be room in the hotel, the landlord  
can eject him. If a landlord could not  
have such a control over his place,  
our hotels would be unsafe places for  
respectable persons to go to, or stop  
at. The hotel keeper is not bound to  
keep those who refuse to pay, or are  
insolent, or don't comply with the  
rules of the house, and the landlord  
has the same control in this respect  
as any person has in his own private  
house, and the landlord can use as  
much force as is actually necessary.

The jury in the case referred to,  
after being out about an hour, return  
ed a verdict for the landlord, it being  
shown that he had charged only a fair  
rate which the traveler refused to pay.



## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,  
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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

PUT LIFE INTO YOUR WORK.

A young man's interest and duty both dictate that he should make himself indispensable to his employer. He should be so industrious, prompt and careful that the accident of his temporary absence should be noticed by his being missed. A young man should make his employer his friend by doing faithfully and minutely all that is entrusted to him. It is a great mistake to be over nice or fastidious about work. Pitch in readily and your willingness will be appreciated, while the "high toned" young man who quibbles about what it is and what it is not his place to do will get the cold shoulder. There is a story that George Washington once helped roll a log that one of his corporals would not handle, and the greatest Emperor of Russia worked as a shipwright in England to learn the business. That is just what you want to do. Be energetic, look and act with alacrity; take an interest in your employer's success; work as though the business was your own, and let your employer know that he may place absolute reliance on your word and on your acts. Be mindful; have your mind on your business, because it is that which is going to help you, not those outside attractions which some of the "boys" are thinking about. Take a pleasure in your work; do not go about in a listless, formal manner, but with alacrity and cheerfulness, and remember that while working thus for others you are laying the foundation of your own success in life.

### A FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

We are pained to announce the death from injuries received by a locomotive on the Hudson River Railroad, of Patrick Brennan, an interesting pupil of the New York Institution. The accident occurred on Sept. 4th, on the track, a short distance from the school. The verdict of the Coroner's jury censures the management of the Institution for allowing pupils to wander away unattended.

The situation of the Institution on a bank skirted by a railroad track, is peculiarly unfortunate, especially when it is known that the track itself furnishes a short cut from the depot. The temptation to use the track is thus doubled, and though stringent laws and rules have from time to time been enacted and re-enacted, and made standing by the officers of the Institution, they do not prevent a fatal accident now and then. There seems to be no remedy but a change of site, which the Institution now has every opportunity to make. Real estate is low, very low for its ultimate value in that section of the State, and a judicious purchase could be made at small figures, comparatively, and then, in coming years, when the present depression wears away the Institution would have a fine property yearly increasing in value, and with its old site and buildings on hand to dispose of at figures high and easily obtainable. Building materials and labor are cheap now, and the cost of erection is not what it will be by and by. Let us should be considered chimerical, we would instance the case of the purchase of the present site, when the buildings were located at 50th Street. The whole 37½ acres were bought for \$115,000 some time in the middle of the fifties; and, we think late in the sixties, ten acres of the tract were sold for more than double the purchase price of the original thirty-seven. The time now is when such able financiering can repeat itself and do a few thousands better. But by all means, in the new site, shift the railroad track.

### OUR FAIR.

The twenty-second annual fair of the Oswego County Agricultural Society, since its permanent location in this village, closed on Thursday night, the 13th inst., after having, contrary to all expectation, with the exception of a slight shower during the forenoon of the first day, three days of beautiful weather. During a few hours in the middle of each day the weather was hot, and from morning till evening the streets were dusty, but heat and dust kept but few persons from a fair, while cool weather or rain, quite frequently kept people away; therefore the weather was about the best suited to the occasion.

The grounds and track were in good order and all the buildings the same. The officers of the society applied themselves to their respective tasks to sustain the good reputation of our former fairs, and the success of the fair last week proves that their efforts were rewarded.

From quite an early hour on Tuesday morning till a late hour Thursday evening, our village presented the busy appearance incident to fair time. People on foot, in stages which constantly plied to and from the grounds, in lumber wagons crowded with living freight willing to go in any way if they could only get there, hacks occupied by those of a more fastidious persuasion, and family carriages containing from two to twelve according to the dimensions of the vehicles or the inclinations of those driving them, all intent in the pursuit of one common object—that of enjoying a good time.

The show was superior to that of most county fairs as regarded cattle, horses, fruit and flowers. There were entries made; of horses, 83; cattle, 76; sheep, 29; swine, 26; farming implements made in the county, 17; implements kept for sale in the county, 23; butter and cheese, 19; fruit, 298; farm products and garden vegetables, 285; boots and shoes, 6; poultry, 56; sugar, honey and canned fruit, 225; domestic manufactures, 152; embroidery, 33; jewelry and painting, 52; millinery, 61; bread and cakes, 226; flowers, 140; discretionary articles, 76.

The main hall presented a beautiful display of articles on exhibition, and was nearly all the time fairly jammed with people. Agricultural, Mechanical and Poultry halls also contained a fine display.

The race on Thursday for three minute horses was recorded as follows:  
Purse \$110, divided. Best 3 in 5 to harness:  
Ira Perola's b. Black Jim.....3 1 1  
C. E. Thompson's g. Charles Thomas.....1 2 2  
T. E. Thompson's b. Gen. Sheridan.....3 2 2  
O. J. Jennings' b. Stephen.....2 3 3  
C. E. Thompson's b. Young Jackson.....4 5 5  
No time. Judges—Thomas Walpole, H. H. Dobson, H. A. Mosher.

During the heats an exhibition of the Indian war dance was given by the Oneida and Onondaga Indians. Six Onondagas and six Oneidas played five games of La Crosse, three of which were won by the Onondagas and two by the Oneidas.

A five mile race was run by five Indians against three trotting horses, each horse trotting a mile against an Indian running a half mile, which was kept up continuously, by changing till the whole race was accomplished. The record of the horses was 14 minutes and 22 seconds; of the Indians 14 minutes and 32 seconds. The race was witnessed by an immense crowd of spectators.

The annual address was delivered at 3 P. M., on Thursday, by Rev. David Tully, D. D., of Oswego.

We copy the substance of it from the *Oswego Palladium*.

THE ADDRESS.

At 3 P. M., Rev. David Tully, D. D., of this city, delivered the annual address, which was marked for its practical character. Dr. Tully spoke of the antiquity and honor of agriculture being the first labor or employment assigned by God to the human race. He discussed its relationship to society, saying that it is as the foundation to the building, the stomach to the body, the stem to the ears or the sun to life. The usefulness of scientific farming and the necessity for understanding the chemical composition of soils and the elements of plants so as to adapt one to the other in order to raise the best and largest crops was set forth clearly and strongly. Dr. Tully pleaded for clean farming—the destruction of the weeds by unsparring use of the hoe and scythe. He also urged the agricultural society to offer premiums for the best cultivated farm to be determined by a committee of inspection, and to stimulate competition in the quantity and quality of agricultural production, as well as the growth of new varieties. Farmers were advised to study the subjects of locality, climate, soil and suitable and profitable plants as related to each other, and were exhorted to be enterprising, progressive and reasonable in their work. For dairy farms the necessity of clean grass and pure water and kindly treatment of cattle was touched on, and the economy of gathering up the fragments on the farm for the compost heap was presented. Bee culture, the cultivation of root crops and orchards, and the propriety of keeping sheep, horses and cattle out of the orchards were discussed and Dr. Tully gave some interesting statistics on the cultivation of the sugar beet for sugar making as compared with cane. Other pertinent subjects were taken up, and the address can not fail of being profitable if farmers will candidly reflect on Dr. Tully's advice and act on it—for it was all fit to be acted on.

After the address the premiums were read by the secretary of the society, Mr. Henry Barton, when our Fair was virtually closed for the year 1877.

The French soldier in the small est in stature in Europe.

### The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

MICHAEL McLEARY, of Tarrytown, N. Y., has found work in a shoe shop in Philadelphia, Pa.

ROBERT J. Maltby says the JOURNAL is a good companion, and that he could not live without it.

WINSFELD Merritt, of the N. Y. Institution, is working at odd jobs, doing gardening and other labor.

We saw about a dozen deaf-mutes at our county fair last week, and all seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Mr. W. J. Nelson took passage from Liverpool, England, for the United States, by the "Spain" which sailed on the 5th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob E. Tuttle, of Peconic, Ill., visited Mr. Walker's family at Dakota, Ill., on the 4th of last July.

Mr. Duchan left Kansas a few weeks ago and went to Illinois. He is now working in a furniture shop at Rockford, Ill.

JACOB M. Koehler, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, expects to enter the National Deaf-mute College this fall.

Wm. F. Johnston, clerking at the wholesale drug house of H. W. Powers & Co., 1305 Main St., Richmond, Va., says he would be pleased to hear from his old friends and classmates.

A deaf-mute boy, aged six years, sells evening papers in the neighborhood of Chestnut and Sixth streets, Philadelphia, Pa. He makes less noise about it than the other news boys.

SURETY A. Howard, of Arcade, N. Y., has received the appointment of Supervisor at the Western New York Institution and has gone to occupy the position.

Mrs. Henrietta B. Atwood, of West Somerville, Mass., formerly of Auburn, Me., says her mother is a sister of Mr. Samuel E. Rowe, who had four brothers and two sisters, deaf-mutes.

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seated in their dining room. No sooner did they see them than they were too much taken by surprise to tell them that they were glad to see them for some minutes. They all enjoyed themselves very much in sign conversation, and dispersed to their respective homes in very good spirits, expecting that they would derive pleasure from listening to sermons through the eye next day. —*Bibbford, (Me.) Daily Times, Sept. 10, 1877.*

From a private letter we received from our classmate, Daniel P. Marcy, of New Orleans, La., under date of the 3d inst., we extract his opinion of the JOURNAL: "Without any inebriety of oratory, I can assure you that your JOURNAL is the best of its kind, and reflects in its new dress, great credit upon its type setting and printing. I trust that it will very soon be not only a self-sustaining estate, but also a source of profit to you for your venture; because, although praises and encomiums are no doubt flattering and desirable in their way, they still do not fill up the inroads made into one's private resources, the latter of which should always be jealously protected as a provision against old age as well as for one's posterity."

### COOPER'S IMPERIAL TURKISH BATH CAR.

From the *Watertown Daily Times* of Sept. 12th, the following is clipped: Chas. H. Cooper, Watertown, patentee of "Cooper's Imperial Turkish Bath Car," exhibited a beautiful miniature model of his bathing car with all the fixtures and furnishings, set upon wheels so that it could be transported from one place to another with the utmost convenience and dispatch, thus placing this great blessing within the reach of all. This car is adapted to the ordinary bath or the electric bath, as advocated by Dr. E. P. Miller of New York. We have no doubt but that the bath properly administered would do more for the prevention of disease and regenerating humanity than any other one thing in the book of remedies. We shall not be surprised to see our friend Cooper's name among the public benefactors at some time in the future.

### A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Sept. 23d.

The Psalter for the 23d day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—1 Samuel xii.

2d Lesson—Luke xiii.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—1 Samuel xvii.

2d Lesson—1 Peter iv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday, Sept. 30th.

The Psalter for the 30th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—2 Samuel xii.

2d Lesson—Luke xv.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—2 Samuel xix.

2d Lesson—1 Peter v.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

### MARRIED:

WELCH—DILLON—At the new South Church, Boston, June 13, 1877, by the Rev. J. M. Manning, Elias J. Welch formerly of the Pennsylvania Institution, to Miss Mary Dillon, a graduate of the Manchester school for the deaf and dumb, England.

RED—COLLINS—At St. M. E. Church in Falls City, Nebraska, September 6, 1877, by Rev. Mr. Ditt, Mr. P. L. Reid to Miss Nellie A. Collins of the Institution for the deaf and dumb at Omaha.

Quite a large audience gathered at the church on the evening of the 13th inst. to witness the above happy event. The bride is a daughter of Mr. Thomas Collins of this place, and the groom is a teacher in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Omaha. The bride is a graduate of the Institution, and was a member of the class that was under the control of Mr. Reid. The happy pair are both deaf and dumb, and this wedding gives a short account of the birth and education of Mr. Reid, and the manner in which he has attained to his present high and honorable position as a teacher in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Omaha. The sketch was written and handed to us for publication by Prof. Kinsey, Principal of the Institution. We have no doubt it will be read with great interest by many others.

FRED L. REID.

Fred's father was a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, and was Professor of chemistry in the University, and had charge of the ventilation of the University buildings. He moved to London where Fred was born, in 1



## Deaf Mutes Enjoying a Picnic near Hartford.

HARTFORD, Ct., Sept. 12, 1877.  
Picnics! picnics!!! in the woods, on the mountain-top, by the sea shore. As all the world is having its picnics, the deaf-mutes of Hartford must have their picnic. Time—Thursday, Sept. 6th; weather—cool but cloudy, threatening rain; place, a small wood by the Park River, reached and almost surrounded, but not yet blotted out by the growing outskirts of Hartford.

First, two of the party were sent out to reconnoitre and select a suitable spot. While they are looking for one, let us introduce the company: Messrs. Weeks and his boy Harry, Mr. and Mrs. Fairman, Mr. and Mrs. Sloenn and their daughter Mabel, Mr. and Mrs. Slate and their little girl, Mr. and Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Jordan, Misses Pease, Wright and Green and Mr. Small. Mr. Steers, of Meriden, was present with his niece in the early part of the day, but they had to go away soon to catch a train.

Arrived at the spot chosen, the baskets and burdens are willingly set down and a free, pleasant conversation follows. Mr. Sloenn had shown some photographs in his coat pocket with mysterious winks, which excited curiosity as to their use. Now drawing a long line out of his pocket he stretched it between two trees and invited the ladies and gentlemen to hang thereon their shawls, cloaks or coats, and fasten them with the pins. It was a good idea, for which the thanks of all were duly given. This arrangement gives a lively appearance to the scene, especially if a good breeze is blowing, and bugs and spiders will not be so apt to crawl upon the things.

Soon the ladies assume their due importance in laying out the eatables on a table cloth spread on the grass, while the gentlemen are their humble servants. When all is ready, the attack begins—no rough tumultuous scramble, but what is an effective, a quiet determined charge, with plenty of time and jokes and laughter for all. Dinner comes to an end. The result is, the baskets are lighter to carry back, but what weight they lost is gained by the brave picknickers.

On the river there was an awning-covered boat, with miniature wheels fashioned after those of a steamboat, but turned with a crank by man-power. It was strange how like a real steamboat this little craft felt, in its plash, plash, plash of the paddle-wheels in the water. A flock of ducks followed after and caught with dexterity the grape-skins, pieces of cake or other things that were thrown on the water.

On leaving the ground, a large but empty paper box was laid carefully at the foot of a tree with its cover on, looking as if it contained something good as a trap for two hard-looking young men hovering around. We could see them come up to it. One of them carefully lifted the cover, but as his dreams of frosted fruit-cake were dissipated he revenged himself by kicking the innocent box, and walked off.

As it threatened rain, the whole company adjourned about four o'clock to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Bird, which was quite near. There they spent the rest of the day and the evening in conversation, stories and a second attack on the good things which finished them.

One of the party, calling out another into the hall told him the following story in private: "A boy fourteen years old went fishing. He came to the water, rolled his pants up to his knees, and seeing what he thought was a rock, stood upon it, holding his fishing pole. By and by he felt the water rising up his legs. He turned round and saw that he was slowly receding from the shore; he had been standing, not on a rock, but on an immense turtle, which was swimming away with him. He jumped off and waded safely to the shore, while the turtle swam away."

The first person now came in and went out a third, to whom the second told the same story in private, after which the second person returned to the company and sent out a fourth to whom the third person told the story, and so on till every one had privately received and privately told the story to another. The last one now gave the story to the company as he had heard it.

"A boy fourteen years old went to spend a day fishing. He caught a turtle, but while pulling it out of the water, the turtle fell from the hook into the water and swam away. Thus he lost it."

Before dispersing, the company voted to have another picnic next year, and after some discussion fixed upon Compoose Pond near Forestville, which is fifteen miles from Hartford by rail, as the place. Considering the many conveniences for picnic parties, the company look forward to a good time then and there, Providence willing.

## A CROWN OF HONOR.

I know a crown which the wearer always finds light. It is the only one, perhaps, that never makes the head ache. It is a simple crown of flowers—a wreath of daisies, daffodils and forget-me-nots, with a bright red rosebud or two—nothing more, but it is the crown of honor.

This crown is for us all if we are gentle, obedient, pious and generous. We should always endeavor to think first of others, and last of ourselves. Never to suffer ourselves to be betrayed into angry looks, or words. We should be willing enough in leisure moments to share in the amusements of those dear to us, and strive to make the sorrowful willing.

C. W. DUTT.

## THE ILLINOIS DEAF-MUTE RE-UNION.

OVER ONE HUNDRED PRESENT—AN IMMENSE SUCCESS—A GRAND AND GLORIOUS TIME.

For the first time in the history of the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, its *alumni* have come together from the four corners of the State to have a joyous re-union. The event had been looked forward to with fond anticipations for many years past, but one thing and another caused it to be put off to some more appropriate time. It was put off for the last time a month ago, just to wait until the turbulent strikers got through with their nonsense. Early on Wednesday evening the deaf-mutes began to arrive rapidly by different routes, all making their *alma mater* the focal point. Oh what a meeting there was! A single glance into the halls of the institution at the happy scenes, would suffice to make the fellow who has been writing against deaf-mute re-unions beat a hasty retreat, stamp, tear his hair and devoutly wish his ink-stand had upset over his MSS. when he was writing that stuff.

It would do one's heart good to see old-men, who were once little play-fellows, vainly endeavoring to recognize each other through hay-stacks of gray whiskers and mustaches. These were some of the most richly amusing scenes that can be imagined. The younger portion of the graduates was well represented and, their seperation being more brief, the difficulty of mutual recognition in their case was not so great.

### FIRST DAY'S PROCEEDINGS—MORNING SESSION.

Proceedings opened at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning with the reading of the 23d Psalm and prayer by Dr. Philip G. Gillett, the Principal.

Dr. Gillett then delivered the address of welcome. To say that it was graceful and affectionate does but poor justice to it. He quoted Genesis 45:28—"And Israel said: It is enough," and related the story of Joseph's separation from his father and the subsequent happy re-union. Happy as Jacob was then, he said his happiness at meeting so many of his *Josephs* and *Josephines* was far greater. It was refreshing to watch the expression of honest pride that constantly illumined his genial face while he surveyed the imposing array of one hundred of his former pupils, now intelligent and actively engaged in the various pursuits of life. What a monument to any man's fame the lives of these one hundred souls, rescued from the bondage of ignorance and elevated to a position of usefulness, would be! Certainly, "it is enough." The middle-aged people that the beloved patriarch used to fondle on his knees came trooping to him with children in their own arms and introduced him to his *grand-Josephs*. All of this served to completely mystify the philanthropic old gentleman. He was in great doubt whether his pupils were his pupils or whether he was P. G. Gillett. The mighty changes of time overwhelmed him with amazement. The Doctor by his address completely won the hearts of all present, and made all who claimed *alma maters* elsewhere wish things were not as they were.

Mr. Frank Read, well known as the Editor of the *Advocate*, followed in a neat speech, in the course of which he alluded to his visit to the re-union held at Rochester a few years ago. He related his feelings and experience there, and spoke of his determination that Illinois should not be left in the rear. He spread himself into an eulogium on the enterprise of his State and endeavored to show that it always aspires to occupy the foremost rank in everything that is honorable. Mr. E. P. Holmes, of Chicago, followed in an address in which he alluded to the improvements that had been made since he left school, and he paid a well deserved compliment to Dr. Gillett's management of the Institution.

Prof. Selah Wait then mounted the rostrum and said he felt like a wax doll—he was standing up there with his arms stupidly outstretched without knowing what to say. He alluded to the wax figures Madame Jarley used with which to humbug people. They apparently did anything at the word of command, but an investigating committee reported that they were automatons moved by machinery, turned by a crank concealed behind. Mr. Wait said his situation was pretty much like one of those figures, with the machinery to set him in motion out of order. He made some very interesting remarks on the development of the grand and noble Institution that he then saw before him. He had watched its growth from its infancy, and noted the improvements with amazement. He closed with a magnificent peroration in which he showed that our sign language can reach such heights of eloquence as to make the English language pale into utter insignificance.

Mr. E. P. Holmes was then appointed temporary Chairman of the meeting, and Mr. James Gallagher Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Read, the chairman appointed the following committee to arrange the order of business for the meeting: James Tipton, Frank Gray, James Walker, and Misses L. Eden and C. J. Lathrell.

Another committee of five on election of officers was appointed, consisting of James R. Boone, F. Langhlin, James G. Gilson, and Misses Chenoweth and Getty.

While the committees were deliberating, the meeting was addressed by a number of former pupils giving interesting reminiscences concerning their school-days. Some of them had first entered school over thirty years ago. Those thirty years must have been full

of events, and some of us were regaled with a recital of things that occurred long before our time. Among those who gave reminiscences were Messrs. James R. Boone, John B. McFarland, of Mo., and Mrs. J. M. Raffington. Mr. Isaac Lewis, of Anamosa, Iowa, related some anecdotes of his school life in Hartford under T. H. Gallaudet, and called attention to the curious circumstance that the re-union was held just twenty-three years after the dedication of the monument to the Father of deaf-mute instruction in America, and also that he was married on that very day, Sept. 6, 1854. This was the first we knew about the coincidence. Mr. Geo. Bronson, an *alumnus* of the Ohio Institution, was called up and made a neat address in which he complimented the Illinois Institution very gracefully. He said he had visited several other Institutions, but found the Illinois Institution second to none in the wisdom and efficiency of its management. He closed by proposing three cheers for Dr. Gillett, which was responded to with a will.

### AFTERNOON SESSION.

At 2 p. m. the convention assembled to hear the reports of the committees. The officers were then elected and were as follows: Prof. Frank Read, Jacksonville, President; Mr. James W. Walker, Dakota, Ill., Vice-President; Mr. James W. Tipton, Jacksonville, Secretary. The meeting was then entertained with more reminiscences.

One of those present read an old paper containing the minutes of a deaf-mute meeting held in Jacksonville while the fifth convention of instructors of deaf-mutes was in session there, in 1858. The meeting was presided over by Abel B. Baker, of Ill., and James G. George, of Ky., was Secretary. Both of these gentlemen are now in another world. The minutes were, on motion, ordered to be printed with the proceedings of the meeting.

The convention held an evening session at 7:30 p. m., at which Mr. Holmes, chairman of the committee on memoirs, gave a number of interesting memoirs of former pupils, now deceased. They were on motion ordered to be printed.

Mrs. John H. Woods presented the report of the class of '59. Prof. Read came in with a word for the class of '62; Mr. E. P. Holmes got up to tell what '63 did and are doing. Mrs. Anna Devine explained all about '65, and Miss Lavina Eden the same of '71. Then the meeting adjourned to re-assemble the next day.

### SECOND DAY—MORNING SESSION.

The meeting re-assembled at 9 a. m., and, after the usual preliminary business, a number of letters wishing success were read from those who failed to attend. Committees were appointed to see all about credentials, putting on prizes on paper, and printing the proceedings. Prof. Walker was, on motion, requested to be ready to give an account of his visit to the Eastern Institutions in the evening.

Then the oration of the day was in order. Mr. Frank Read was the orator. To give a synopsis of it here is out of the question. He began by comparing the condition of the deaf-mutes of ancient time with their condition now. No one could put it in a stronger light. He then showed that Pedro Ponce De Leon is entitled to the honor of being the first to teach the deaf and dumb. He alluded to the rise and progress of the two existing methods of instruction. There were, he said, epochs created by two men in particular in the history of deaf-mute instruction, the French, Abbe De L'Epée, and the German, Samuel Heinicke. The former championed the sign language, while the latter claimed the superiority of the articulation method. He then passed to the spread of deaf-mute instruction to America, and gave an account of the origin of the American Asylum. He related what influenced Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet to cross the ocean and bring over Laurent Clerc whom he styled "The La Fayette of the Deaf and Dumb in America."

"The land of the free, and the home of the brave," he alluded to the rapid spread of deaf-mute institutions after the first one was established at Hartford. Then he devoted himself to giving an account of the rise and progress of the Illinois Institution.

Well, I give up—I can't condense a five column speech. I will let Mr. Holmes speak of the mastery orator. He got upon the rostrum, and, after the storm of applause for Mr. Read had subsided, launched into his usual metaphorical style, and drew a picture of the moon rising, first on the horizon on all large round and red, and then ascending up, up towards the zenith, increasing in splendor at every advancing until it reaches the culminating point of glory, and sheds a flood of light all round about while the stars spangle the vault, one by one, until the whole heavens are covered with refulgent light. If I understood him right, he said Mr. Read was the moon, while the innumerable stars represented the facts contained in the oration. Mr. Read's round and ruby face, after the violent exercise he had to undergo, bore a strong resemblance to that lunar orb and probably suggested Mr. Holmes' metaphors. The oration appears in the *Advocate* for Sept. 8th, and will repay a perusal. The convention then adjourned until 2 p. m.

Miss Angie A. Fuller, a semi-literate and a graduate of the Illinois Institution, had a poem prepared for the occasion. It was read orally by Prof. Swiler and rendered into signs by Dr. Gillett. It is a fine literary production and will be published with the

proceedings in pamphlet form. After the poem, Mr. James Tipton, 73, Miss Luella Getty, 74, James Gallagher, 77, and Mr. Danielle, 61 came in to complete the list of class reports. Mr. S. T. Walker reported for duty—to tell us about his trip to the East. He has already acquired a good familiarity with the sign language, although he has associated with deaf-mutes but a few years. The meeting then adjourned until 9 o'clock on the following morning.

At 9 o'clock a. m. the convention re-assembled to hear the reports of committees, appointed on the previous days.

Mr. Wait, chairman of the committee on photographs, gave his report which was to have the photographs of groups of fifteen or twenty at a time taken at Messrs. Clendenen & Nichols' gallery. The groups are at cost fifty cents apiece. Any one can get all the groups with a bird's eye view of the Institution and grounds, and views of several of the principal buildings, for \$2.50, or he can have them all nicely bound in an album for \$3.50.

Mr. Boone, chairman of committee on credentials, reported the following names as worthy of recognition and they were placed on the honorary membership list: Mrs. Mary Totten, New York; Caleb Merritt, Pennsylvania; John Twinn, N. C.; Barnett Fisher, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. James Cowperly, Penn.; Geo. Bronson, Ind.; Reuben Howe, Ind.; Samuel Lewis, Conn.; Mrs. Sam. Lewis, N. Y.; Solomon Chappel, N. Y.; D. W. George, Ill.; John Hall, Mo.; Mrs. Ann Cromie, Eng.; Prof. Selah Wait, N. Y.

Committee on printing reported that they had ordered the proceedings of this convention to be printed in pamphlet form. Report accepted.

Prof. Wait, chairman of committee on resolutions reported the following:

*Resolved*, That our most cordial thanks are hereby tendered to the honorable board of trustees of this institution for their generosity in extending its hospitality to its graduates and former pupils.

*Resolved*, That we acknowledge our obligations to the worthy superintendent, Dr. Gillett, the estimable matron, Miss Sawyer, Mrs. Bull and others, for their kind and voluntary services in contributing towards our entertainment during our sojourn.

*Resolved*, That we much regret the illness of Miss Sawyer, which prevented her from participating in our pleasures. We trust her present disposition is but temporary, and that we will ever hold her in affectionate remembrance.

*Resolved*, That our grateful acknowledgments are due the energetic superintendent, for having after considerable efforts, succeeded in arranging with the officers of some of the railroads to return members of this re-union at reduced fare.

*Resolved*, That to the officers of the Chicago & Alton, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, the Peoria, Pekin & Jacksonville, the Illinois Central, and the Toledo, Wabash & Western railroads for their liberality in reducing the fare for our special benefit, we unanimously extend a vote of thanks.

*Resolved*, That we feel our appreciative sense of the fostering care and kind attention of our *Alma Mater*, while we fondly lingered by her side.

*Resolved*, That the changes and improvements which have been made within and about our *Alma Mater* since we were its regular inmates, afford us infinite satisfaction.

*Resolved*, That we owe our teachers a tribute of sincere gratitude for their indefatigable efforts in the promotion of our intellectual, moral and spiritual welfare.

*Resolved*, That to the former legislators of this State we feel greatly indebted for our education and the social advantages it enables us to command and enjoy, and that as a token of our gratitude we will pray that heaven's best blessings may attend them.

*Resolved*, That to those of our fellow graduates, and all our schoolmates who were unable to participate in our pleasures, we extend a hearty assurance of regret and long continued remembrance and the wish that "Thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."

*Resolved*, That to Prof. Frank Read and Miss Angie A. Fuller, the orator and poetess of the day, we tender our sincere thanks for their highly classical productions.

After due deliberation, it was decided to hold the next re-union in 1880. A committee was appointed to determine the time and place.

The North Western Deaf-mute Christian Association, which was organized in 1868 was revived, with the election of Mr. S. H. Danielle, of Upper Alton, Ill., President; Mrs. J. M. Raffington, Vice-President; Mr. Frank Read, Secretary and Mr. Selah Wait Treasurer. The object of this association is to raise a fund, to be used in disseminating the gospel of Christ among the deaf-mutes of Illinois and adjacent states without favoring any particular sect. The affairs of the association are in perfectly trustworthy hands, and it is hoped that the association will accomplish good results. On motion of Mr. J. H. McFarland the convention adjourned sine die.

At one p. m., the deaf-mutes went over to the photograph gallery and sat for their photographs.

The evening was spent in promenading in the pleasant yard surrounding the institution, and in social chatting in the boys' study room and listening to stories.

The next morning was Sunday. Dr. Gillett, as was advertised, conducted

services at 10 a. m. He took for his text Hebrews 12: 1—2. His sermon was the most powerful appeal in behalf of the cause of Christ I ever saw delivered in the sign language. Both the matter of his sermon, and his manner of delivering it, were well calculated to make the most lasting impression on the hearts of his audience, and to cause the most hardened and indifferent wayfarer to pause in his dangerous course and turn to the straight way that leads to eternal happiness. Would to God every deaf-mute in the land had been present when that eloquent and forcible appeal was made.

Prof. Selah Wait delivered an interesting sermon in the afternoon and, after supper, a large meeting was held in the boy's study room.

Then came blue Monday when we had to go away from each other. We then sadly turned our feet in the direction of the different depots, and bade farewell to the grand and noble institution where we spent some of the happiest days of our lives. Those days are numbered among those gone by, but the memory of them will be carried long adown the stream of time.

DIXIE.  
Chicago, Ill., Sept. 11, 1877.

## EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

BY MRS. J. L. ATWOOD.

(Continued.)

In continuance of the subject of deaf and dumb education we will touch briefly, first upon the period of instruction and finally reach the present course now in adoption. In this review, we will look to Italy, where, in the seventeenth-century, some suggestions respecting the possibility of teaching the dumb to speak were thrown out, incidentally by a celebrated professor in the university of Padua, but it resulted in mere theory and speculation. The possibility of instructing deaf-mutes was first set forth in Holland by Peter Montaus, published 1635, but without much harvest for the seed was in idle hands.

In 1667 Helmont made use of the deaf and dumb, to illustrate a whim concerning a certain language which he contended was natural to men, namely the Hebrew; this, he thought was the direct creation and gift of God to the first parents of the race, and concluded that the printed Hebrew character bore exact resemblance to the position of the vocal organs assumed in pronouncing them, and for this reason he thought mutes could learn in a very little time, with no teacher, to master this language. Dr. Ammon, of Amsterdam, worked hard to bring out artificial restoration of the voice, and was particularly that in reading and writing they should understand the significance of the words they made use of; yet he was not without mistaken ideas, his chief error was over-estimation of the importance of oral language. He died in 1724, and no one appeared in Holland, to carry on the good work, and for nearly a century nothing was done for this unfortunate class. A German named Keger, in the eighteenth century, familiar with the efforts of the several persons already described, took up the subject and after pondering it well, taught them articulation or artificial pronunciation, but says it was a total failure in many cases, and required a great length of time to insure even a moderate degree of success. He probably knew nothing of manual alphabet. Samuel Heinicke, the most distinguished of all the German instructors of the deaf and dumb, directed in the first instruction for the mutes, that was established by civil government and he was very successful, and this seemed owing to his native talent and force of character rather than the material difference in the mode of operation.

A French work entitled "*Cours Elementaire d'Education des Sourds-Muets*" was published in 1779, and from this book we learn that France had a tutor who devoted his life and a fortune to this work. He appeared before the Academy of science first with paper and a pupil. His name was E. He taught lip articulation and made some use of signs; and so we have only a chronological skeleton of the attempts and failures—hopes and success of these men of project. Now we naturally derive a question: was most of this effort made to benefit a class of unfortunate, or to gain through the medium a position that no other had gained? We often hear it said that it is a misfortune to be deaf and dumb, but they do not generally think they are the most pitiable creatures of God; if they are it must sometimes seem to us it is because they are in the minority. Ample means of instruction are now being provided for the deaf and dumb, and, as they convene together for the rudiments of knowledge, we observe that they grow vigorous in mind and are yearly gaining in mental vision, and tending toward eminence in a slow and steady tramp; marching to the step of progress, their quick pulse catches gleams of glory which alone belong to him who perseveres. We shall have in the time to come mute teachers, mute ministers, mute politicians, mute intelligences, that has no successor; and this is equality that should exist. Mutes can best instruct each other in Divine things, because the spirit of the one assimilates with the other, from the natural order of things. In our next we will continue this relation of mutes to each other and dwell, if we have time, upon the modern method of deaf and dumb instruction.

Go to the JOURNAL Office for your printing.

Some may ask what about Charlie all these days? Ah! he is getting ahead rapidly, and Lilla grows fearful that he, too, may go away from home and her shortly. She urges him not to learn so fast, but no use, one may as well chain the lightning in its onward course, as to chain active minds and brains when they are determined to conquer difficulties. The indomitable perseverance of Judge Shelby Charlie inherited; yet he was not at all times as well balanced. Time must do that for him that nature had not. His was one of those impetuous natures that could not be at all times conquered or controlled, and the family at home did not at all times think it wise to attempt the work. Sons of thunder, we need, as well as sons of consolation, in order to make up and perfect the grand whole.

Dear Mrs. Shelby was duly evincing sympathy in the work connected with Flower Garden Home. Blent power of sympathy, granted on'y to finer spirits, how little is thy heavenly influence understood by common minds! Visits of condolence, words or letters of condolence, are the usual modes of expression of what the world calls sympathy; but to the truly sympathizing soul these are impossible: for such a soul knows that these are engines of torture, tearing open the scarcely closed wounds, plunging jagged dart into the, yet bleeding, heart. From such a soul, gentle tones, kindlier looks and tender words show that the sorrow, never named, 's never forgotten, and that this sorrow has been as the fire from heaven, sanctifying what it burned.

Mrs. Shelby evinced that she was the possessor of this heavenly gift of sympathy, when Emma, her cherished daughter, brought into their home circle Lilla, and their home was to be in all future time the little one's resting place.

Home! There was a balm in the very word. Everything that was noble and elevating that home took in, all had that "perfect love, that casteth out fear," yet we think that the converse of this is absolute and that, in just so far as we fear, we cease to love. Think of this, ye who lovingly, fondly and truly, would yet constrain those you love by fear of the clouded brow, the sharp rebuke, the coldly sullen manner, or worst of all, fears to a generous spirit, the fear of inflicting pain, or super-sensitive feelings. Would you know the signs of decay of affections produced by such means; recognize them in the anxious eye of your friend, no longer confident of kind interpretations, in the solicitous manner, studious to avoid all that could displease, and to surround you, at whatever expense to himself, or others, with gratification, in the resolution which endures all silence, rather than cast the lightest shadow on your sky. It is true, that all this fear mimics love, but like most mimics, it caricatures its original. It is true, too, that only those whom we love, have the power to inspire such fear; but it is no less true that they must choose between the two modes of influence, "for where the spirit of love is, there is liberty," no restraint in such a home, amid such hearts the others good and happiness they are looking after. This was a home moulded by a true woman's heart.

But a woman's duties to society are something more than those which belong to the social circle. Beyond that circle, beyond the home walls, beyond the world of fashion is another life, which asks for woman's presence to beautify and bless it. Every social evil affects woman most of all, and woman most of all should be interested in its removal. Home and the social circle affords no surer protection from its influences. True it is, that whatever distinctions we may make between rich and poor, between the lofty and the lowly, we have but one common nature, we are all joined to each other, the highest allied with the humblest, the richest with the poorest, the most powerful with the weakest, the most famous with the obscure. And this fact of mutual dependence and mutual connection inculcates the duty of mutual help. No young woman ever "comes out," as the phrase is, in its true sense, or is fit to "come out" till she has learned that love and charity and benevolence, are womanly accomplishments as well as Christian duties.

This was the text word of all within that home enclosure, love to each other, love to all, and the more helpless the sufferers, the more they demanded their love.

Reader, go and do thou likewise! So shall thy heart rejoice, and at life's close, thou wilt rejoice that thou hast not lived in vain.

There can scarcely be a heavier grief next to that of bereavement of dear friends, than that which is caused by a forced expatriation. Other lands may be better, and more fruitful, may have a brighter sky and a warmer sun, may be filled with more plenty; more happiness and more of earthly good, but, however much may be said of these, there is still no land like the land one calls his own, or the home one calls his own. Still, notwithstanding the strength and depth of this feeling it does not express the entire meaning of the word patriotism.

The love of country, merely as such, is a comparatively weak sentiment. There is something stronger and more profound, and that is the love of the idea which the country and the home ought to embody. The love of what is on the outside is a superficial feeling. That which should engross the soul, is the love of what is internal, what gives beauty and vigor to the outward life. When we love a friend, we love the beauty and purity of the inward life, whatever may be the character of the outward condition and circumstances.

True love does not join itself to a handsome exterior but to a beautiful heart, for within the outside beauty there may be an unlovely spirit, while a plain and homely exterior, may be the guise of an angelic soul.

These were the reasons why Harvey was looking forward so eagerly for the Christmas holidays at home. The love element was there; had grown with his growth. Each letter sent home was freighted with love, and as the home returns were gathered his heart would bound as he took these tokens of love, hastily breaking open the seal, as he read page after page, that he was not forgotten. How these oft repeated assurances told how plainly that there were hearts beating at some, all aglow with love and pride for him. Even Lilla would write him occasionally, slipping into Grandma's letter her little message.

THE HIDDEN HAND, OR QUIET DOING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

In every one's life there are many things which though manifestly belonging to life are yet in a measure separate from its active courses.

They are not particularly prominent, yet they never cease to affect the whole course of thought and action; and though they belong more to private experience than to public history they are yet by no means unimportant in the formation of habits and character. On the contrary, they are especially powerful in their influence, and sometimes away the whole course of life. An act performed just at the right time, when all things seem favorable, tells, not only at the time, but in after years. The fitness of things had come, for Miss Emma, now Mrs. Jerome, to take by the hand of a little wandering one, and, from that act, unseen to mortal eye, save to the two interested parties, there springs up a Mission Home to gladden many hearts, to cheer the sad and lonely ones bereft of earthly helpers. She did not procrastinate, or put off her generous impulses. She could not. The hidden hand was leading her. Earth hath its ministering angels. Each high resolve, each pure unselfish thought, does not escape the notice of the vigilant eye. Scientific men tell us that every source upon the surface of our own and other planets circulates, in endless and ceaseless waves, through infinite space; certainly no less subtle is the influence of our words, and our acts upon the life and the character of the world. But some talking is of little good; action is the main thing. We say of a man, he is "all talk".

True, there are just such men and women, who speak great "swelling words of vanity, and are puffed up by their own conceits; wells without water, and clouds carried by a tempest." But there are true men who sway the world by the influence of speech. "Even the quiet fireside discussion: what a power it has over life!"

Harvey was rapidly developing under the teachings of the institution whether he had gone; and no wonder he was, for he had carried from his home a nature noble and refined.

We define patriotism in general terms, as a love of one's own country. We recognize its existence in the hearts of the people of every clime, and every nation. The most sterile regions of the earth, and the most unpromising circumstances cannot quench in the hearts of men a love for the land which gave them birth. It is at once their happiness and their pride, whatever may be its source, and whatever elements combine to produce it, whether love of home, of neighborhood, of State, community of language or community of interests, or whether there is something deeper than all these, there is the feeling, a strong, intense love of home, and of family ties. However poor, weak, or insignificant one's home may be, still that love does not die out. The Irish emigrant, whose beautiful land has been cursed for ages by cruel oppression on one hand, and fierce and bloody vindictiveness on the other, which God has made so bright, but selfish man has so cruelly darkened over by his sin, never forgets the "old country" to which his hopes return, and in which his memories are buried; where are the graves of his fathers, and where he hopes himself some day to die. The German's eyes are strangely moistened when he thinks of the Fatherland—dear still, though its oppression drove him forth. The bosom of the Hungarian swells with honest pride when he remembers the glories of his country's history, or weeps over her sad fate, as he lies bleeding beneath the tyrant's foot.

There can scarcely be a heavier grief next to that of bereavement of dear friends, than that which is caused by a forced expatriation. Other lands may be better, and more fruitful, may have a brighter sky and a warmer sun, may be filled with more plenty; more happiness and more of earthly good, but, however much may be said of these, there is still no land like the land one calls his own, or the home one calls his own. Still, notwithstanding the strength and depth of this feeling it does not express the entire meaning of the word patriotism.

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## THE HIDDEN HAND, OR QUIET DOING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

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